An O D E

1489. d. 34.

To the Right Honourable

Lonsdale (Henry) 2d

Lord Viſcount *Lonſdale*.

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An ODE

To the Right Honourable

Lord Viſcount LONSDALE.

I.

LONSDALE! thou ever-honour'd Name,
For ſuch is ſacred Virtue's Claim,
Say why, my noble Friend!
While Nature ſheds her balmy Powers
O'er Hill and Dale, in Leaves and Flowers,
Say, why my Joys ſuſpend!

II.

Here ſpreads the Lawn high-crown'd with Wood,
Here ſlopes the Vale, there twines the Flood
In many a cryſtal Maze.
The Fiſhes ſport, in Silver Pride
Slow moves the Swan, on either ſide
The Herds promiſcuous graze.

III.

Or if the ſtiller Shade you love,
Here ſolemn nods th' imbow'ring Grove,
O'er Innocence and Eaſe;
Whether with deep Reflection fraught,
Or in the ſprightly Stream of Thought,
The lighter Trifles pleaſe.

IV.

And ſhou'd the Shaft of treacherous Spleen
Glance venom'd through this happy Scene,
Unheeded may it fly.
Provok'd, not tempted to repay,
Tho' Truth ſeverer prompt the Lay,
A mean proſaick Lie.

V.

Here with the Pheaſant and the Hare,
Unfearful of the human Snare,
Have Stateſmen paſs'd a Day.
While far from yon forbidden Gate,
Pale Care and lank Remorſe await
Their late-returning Prey.

VI.

VI.

O ! blind to all the Joys of Life,
Who ſeek them in the Storms of Strife,
Deſtroying, or deſtroy'd.
Leſs wretched they, and yet unbleſs'd,
Who batten in lethargick Reſt,
On Bleſſings unenjoy'd.

VII.

But come, my Friend, the Sun invites,
For thee the Town hath no Delights,
Diſtaſted and aggriev'd ;
While Fools believe, while Villains cheat,
Too honeſt to approve Deceit,
Too wiſe to be deceiv'd.

VIII.

Or doſt Thou fear leſt dire Diſeaſe
Again thy tortur'd Frame may ſeize ?
And haſt thou therefore ſtay'd ?
O! rather haſte, where thou ſhalt find
A ready Hand, a gentle Mind,
To comfort and to aid.

IX.

And while by ſore Afflictions try'd,
You bear, without the *Stoick*'s Pride,
What *Stoick* never bore ;
O! may I learn like Thee to bear,
And what ſhall be my deſtin'd Share
To ſuffer, not explore.

F I N I S.